BRITAIN:

Being the FOURTH PART of

LIBERTY,

A

POEM.

By Mr. THOMSON.

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The CONTENTS of PART IV.

Difference betwixt the Ancients *and* Moderns *slightly touch'd upon, to Ver.* 30. *Description of the dark Ages. The* GODDESS *of* LIBERTY, *who during these is supposed to have left Earth, returns, attended with* ARTS *and* SCIENCE, *to Ver.* 100. *She first descends on* Italy. Sculpture, Painting, *and* Architecture *fix at* Rome, *to revive their several Arts by the great Models of Antiquity there, which many barbarous Invasions had not been able to destroy. The Revival of these Arts marked out. That sometimes Arts may flourish for a while under despotic Governments, tho' never the natural and genuine Production of them, to Ver.* 254. Learning *begins to dawn. The* Muse *and* Science *attend* LIBERTY, *who in her Progress towards* GREAT-BRITAIN *raises several free States and Cities. These enumerated, to Ver.* 381. *Author's Exclamation of Joy, upon seeing the* British *Seas and Coast rise in the* Vision, *which painted whatever the* GODDESS *of* LIBERTY *said. She resumes her Narration. The* Genius of the Deep *appears, and, addressing* LIBERTY, *associates* GREAT-BRITAIN *into his Dominion, to Ver.* 451. LIBERTY *received and congratulated by* BRITANNIA, *and the* Native Genii *or* Virtues *of the Island. These described. Animated by the Presence of* LIBERTY, *they begin their Operations. Their beneficent Influence contrasted with the Works and Delusions of opposing* Demons; *to Ver.* 626. *Concludes with an Abstract of the* English *History, marking the several Advances of* LIBERTY, *down to her compleat Establishment at the* Revolution.

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LIBERTY.

PART IV.

STRUCK with the rising Scene, thus I amaz'd.
" Ah, GODDESS, what a Change! Is Earth the
" same?
" Of the same Kind the ruthless Race she feeds?
" And does the same fair Sun, and Ether spread
" Round this vile Spot their all-enlivening Soul?
" Lo! Beauty fails; lost in unlovely Forms
" Of little Pomp, Magnificence no more
" Exalts the Mind, and bids the Publick smile:
" While to rapacious Interest Glory leaves
" Mankind, and every Grace of Life is gone."

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To this the POWER, whose vital Radiance calls
From the brute Mass of Man an order'd World.
" Wait 'till the Morning shines, and from the Depth
" Of *Gothic* Darkness springs another Day.
" True, Genius droops; the tender antient Taste
" Of Beauty, then fresh-blooming in her Prime,
" But faintly trembles thro' the callous Soul;
" And Grandeur, or of Morals, or of Life,
" Sinks into safe Pursuits, and creeping Cares.
" Even cautious Virtue seems to stoop her Flight,
" And aged Life to deem the generous Deeds
" Of Youth romantic. Yet in cooler Thought
" Well-reason'd, in Researches piercing deep
" Through Nature's Works, in profitable Arts,
" And all that calm Experience can disclose,
" (Slow Guide, but sure) behold the World anew
" Exalted rise, with other Honours crown'd;
" And, where MY SPIRIT wakes the finer Powers,
" *Athenian* Laurels still afresh shall bloom."
Oblivious Ages pass'd; while Earth, forsook
By her best GENII, lay to DEMONS foul,
And unchain'd FURIES, an abandon'd Prey.

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CONTENTION led the Van; firſt ſmall of Size,
But ſoon dilating to the Skies ſhe tow'rs:
Then, wide as Air, the livid FURY ſpread,
And high her head above the Stormy clouds,
She blaz'd in Omens, ſwell'd the groaning Winds
With wild Surmizes, Battlings, Sounds of War;
From Land to Land the mad'ning Trumpet blew,
And pour'd her Venom thro' the Heart of Man.
Shook to the Pole, the *North* obey'd her Call.
Forth ruſh'd the bloody POWER OF GOTHIC WAR,
War againſt Human-kind: RAPINE, that led
Millions of raging Robbers in his train:
Unliſtening, barbarous FORCE, to whom the Sword
Is Reaſon, Honour, Law: The FOE OF ARTS
By Monſters follow'd, hideous to behold,
That claim'd *their* Place. Outragious mix'd with *theſe*
Another Species of * Tyrannic Rule,
Unknown before, whoſe cancrous Shackles ſeiz'd
Th' envenom'd Soul; a wilder FURY, SHE
Even o'er her † ELDER SISTER tyranniz'd;

* Church Power, or Eccleſiaſtical Tyranny.
† Civil Tyranny.

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Or, if perchance agreed, inflam'd her Rage.
Dire was her Train, and loud: the SABLE BAND,
Thundering,—" Submit ye *Laity!* Ye prophane!
" Earth is the LORD's, and therefore OURS; let Kings
" Allow the common Claim, and Half be theirs;
" If not, behold! the Sacred Lightning flies:"
SCHOLASTIC DISCORD, with an hundred Tongues,
For Science uttering jangling Words obſcure,
Where frighted Reaſon never yet could dwell:
Of peremptory feature, CLERIC PRIDE,
Whoſe reddening Cheek no contradiction bears;
And HOLY SLANDER, his Aſſociate firm,
On whom the *Lying Spirit* ſtill deſcends:
Mother of Tortures! PERSECUTING ZEAL,
High-flaſhing in her hand the ready Torch,
Or Ponyard bath'd in unbelieving Blood;
Hell's fierceſt Fiend! of Saintly Brow demure,
Aſſuming a celeſtial Seraph's name,
While ſhe beneath the blaſphemous Pretence
Of pleaſing PARENT HEAVEN, the *Source of Love!*
Has wrought more Horrors, more deteſted Deeds,
Than all the Reſt combin'd. Led on by Her,

And

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And wild of head to work her fell Deſigns,
Came Idiot SUPERSTITION; round with Ears
Innumerous ſtrow'd, ten thouſand Monkiſh Forms
With Legends ply'd them, and with Tenets, meant
To charm or ſcare the Simple into Slaves,
And poiſon Reaſon; groſs, *She* ſwallows all,
The moſt abſurd believing ever moſt.
Broad o'er the Whole her univerſal Night,
The Gloom ſtill doubling, IGNORANCE diffus'd.
Nought to be ſeen, but viſionary Monks
To Councils ſtrolling, and embroiling Creeds;
* *Banditti Saints*, diſturbing diſtant Lands;
And unknown Nations, wandering for a Home.
All lay revers'd: the ſacred Arts of Rule
Turn'd to flagitious Leagues againſt Mankind,
And Arts of Plunder more and more avow'd;
† Pure plain Devotion to a ſolemn Farce;
To holy Dotage Virtue, even to Guile,
To Murder, and a Mockery of Oaths;
Brave antient *Freedom* to the ‖ *Rage of Slaves*,
Proud of their State, and fighting for their Chains;
Diſ-

* Cruſades. † The Corruptions of the Church of *Rome*.
‖ Vaſſalage, whence the Attachment of Clans to their Chief.

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Diſhonour'd Courage to the * *Bravo*'s Trade,
To Civil Broil; and Glory to Romance.
Thus Human Life unhing'd to Ruin reel'd,
And giddy Reaſon totter'd on her Throne.
At laſt HEAVEN'S beſt inexplicable Scheme,
Diſcloſing, bad new brightening Æras ſmile.
The high Command gone forth, ARTS in my Train,
And Azure-mantled SCIENCE, ſwift WE ſpread
A ſounding Pinion. Eager Pity, mixt
With Indignation, urg'd our downward Flight.
On *Latium* firſt we ſtoop'd, for doubtful Life
That panted, ſunk beneath unnumber'd Woes.
Ah poor *Italia!* what a bitter Cup
Of Vengeance haſt thou drain'd? *Goths*, *Vandals*, *Huns*,
Lombards, Barbarians broke from every Land,
How many a ruffian Form haſt thou beheld?
What horrid Jargons heard, where Rage alone
Was all thy frighted Ear could comprehend?
How frequent by the red inhuman Hand,
Yet warm with Brother's, Husband's, Father's Blood,
Haſt thou thy Matrons and thy Virgins ſeen

To

* Duelling.

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To Violation dragg'd, and mingled Death?
What Conflagrations, Earthquakes, Ravage, Floods,
Have turn'd thy Cities into ſtony Wilds;
And ſuccourleſs, and bare, the poor Remains
Of Wretches forth to Nature's Common caſt?
Added to theſe, the ſtill continual Waſte
Of * inbred Foes, that on thy Vitals prey,
And, double Tyrants, ſeize the very Soul.
Where had'ſt thou Treaſures for this Rapine all?
Theſe hungry Myriads, that thy Bowels tore,
Heap'd Sack on Sack, and bury'd in their Rage
Wonders of Art; whence *this grey Scene* a Mine
Of more than Gold becomes and orient Gems,
Where *Egypt*, *Greece*, and *Rome* united glow.

Here SCULPTURE, PAINTING, ARCHITECTURE, bent
From antient Models to reſtore their Arts,
Remain'd. A little trace we how they roſe.

Amid the hoary Ruins SCULPTURE firſt,
Deep-digging, from the Cavern dark and damp,
Their Grave for Ages, bad her Marble Race
Spring to new Light. Joy ſparkled in her Eyes,

And

* The Hierarchy.

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And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
As ſhe the pleaſing Reſurrection ſaw.
In leaning Site, reſpiring from his Toils,
The well-known * *Hero*, who deliver'd *Greece*,
His ample Cheſt, all tempeſted with Force,
Unconquerable rear'd. She ſaw the Head,
Breathing the Hero, ſmall, of *Grecian* Size,
Scarce more extenſive than the ſinewy Neck;
The ſpreading Shoulders, muſcular, and broad;
The whole a Maſs of ſwelling Sinews, touch'd
Into harmonious Shape; ſhe ſaw, and joy'd.
The Yellow Hunter, *Meleager*, rais'd
His beauteous Front, and thro' the finiſh'd Whole
Shows what Ideas ſmil'd of old in *Greece*.
Of raging Aſpect, ruſh'd impetuous forth
The † *Gladiator*. Pityleſs his Look,
And each keen Sinew brac'd, the Storm of War,
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous Body frowns.
The ‖ *Dying Other* from the Gloom ſhe drew.
Supported on his ſhorten'd Arm he leans,
Prone, agonizing; with incumbent fate,
Heavy

* The *Hercules* of *Farneſe*.
† The *Fighting Gladiator*.
‖ The *Dying Gladiator*.

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Heavy declines his Head; yet dark beneath
The ſuffering Feature ſullen Vengeance lowrs,
Shame, Indignation, unaccompliſh'd Rage,
And ſtill the cheated Eye expects his Fall.
All conqueſt-fluſh'd, from proſtrate *Python*, came
The * *Quiver'd God.* In graceful Act he ſtands,
His Arm extended with the ſlacken'd Bow.
Light flows his eaſy Robe, and fair diſplays
A manly-ſoften'd Form. The Bloom of Gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardleſs Cheek to wave.
His Features yet heroic Ardor warms;
And ſweet ſubſiding to a native Smile,
Mixt with the Joy elating Conqueſt gives,
A ſcatter'd Frown exalts his matchleſs Air.
On *Flora* mov'd; her full-proportion'd Limbs
Riſe thro' the Mantle fluttering in the Breeze.
The † *Queen of Love* aroſe, as from the Deep
She ſprung in all the melting Pomp of Charms.
Baſhful ſhe bends, her well-taught Look aſide
Turns in enchanting guiſe, where dubious mix
Vain conſcious Beauty, a diſſembled Senſe

* The *Apollo* of *Belvidere.*

† The *Venus* of *Medici.*

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Of modeſt Shame, and ſlippery Looks of Love.
The Gazer grows enamour'd, and the Stone,
As if exulting in it's Conqueſt, ſmiles.
So turn'd each Limb, ſo ſwell'd with ſoftening Art,
That the deluded Eye the Marble doubts.
At laſt her utmoſt * *Maſterpiece* ſhe found,
That † *Maro* fir'd; the miſerable Sire,
Wrapt with his Sons in Fate's ſevereſt Graſp.
The Serpents, twiſting round, their ſtringent Folds
Inextricable tie. Such Paſſion here,
Such Agonies, ſuch Bitterneſs of Pain
Seem ſo to tremble thro' the tortur'd Stone,
That the touch'd Heart engroſſes all the View.
Almoſt unmark'd the beſt Proportions paſs,
That ever *Greece* beheld; and, ſeen alone,
On the rapt Eye th' imperious Paſſions ſeize:
The Father's double Pangs, both for himſelf
And Sons convuls'd; to Heaven his rueful Look,
Imploring Aid, and half-accuſing, caſt;
His fell Deſpair with Indignation mixt,
As the ſtrong-curling Monſters from his ſide

His

* The Groupe of *Laocoon* and his two Sons, deſtroyed by two Serpents.
† See *Æneid* II. Ver. 199,——227.

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His full-extended Fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with vary'd Art, his Sons
All the ſoft Rage of younger Paſſions ſhow.
In a Boy's helpleſs Fate One ſinks oppreſs'd;
While, yet unpierc'd, the frighted Other tries
His Foot to ſteal out of the horrid Twine.

She bore no more, but ſtrait from *Gothic* Ruſt
Her Chiſel clear'd, and * Duſt and Fragments drove
Impetuous round. Succeſſive as *it* went
From Son to Son, with more enlivening Touch,
From the brute Rock it call'd the breathing Form;
Till, in a Legiſlator's awful Grace
Dreſt, *Buonaroti* † bade a *Moſes* riſe,
And, looking Love immenſe, † a SAVIOUR-GOD.

Of *Theſe* obſervant, PAINTING felt the Fire
Burn inward. Then extatic She diffus'd
The Canvaſs, ſeiz'd the Pallet, with quick Hand
The Colours brew'd; and on the void Expanſe
Her gay Creation pour'd, her mimic World.
Poor was the Manner of her eldeſt Race,

* It is reported of *Michael Angelo Buonaroti*, the moſt celebrated Maſter in modern *Sculpture*, that he wrought with a kind of Inſpiration, or Enthuſiaſtical Fury, which produced the Effect here mentioned.

† Eſteemed the two fineſt Pieces of modern *Sculpture*.

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Barren, and dry; juſt ſtruggling from the Taſte,
That had for Ages ſcar'd in Cloyſters dim
The ſuperſtitious Herd: Yet glorious then
Were deem'd their Works; where undevelop'd lay
The future Wonders that enrich'd Mankind,
And a new Light and Grace o'er *Europe* caſt.
Arts gradual gather Streams. Enlarging *This*
To each his Portion of her various Gifts
The GODDESS dealt, to none indulging All;
No, not to *Raphael*. At kind Diſtance ſtill
Perfection ſtands, like *Happineſs*, to tempt
Th' eternal Chace. In elegant Deſign
Improving Nature, in Ideas fair,
Or great, extracted from the fine Antique,
In Attitude, Expreſſion, Airs divine,
Her Sons of *Rome* and *Florence* bore the Prize.
To thoſe of *Venice* She the magic Art
Of Colours melting into Colours gave.
Theirs too it was by one embracing Maſs
Of Light and Shade, that ſettles round the Whole,
Or varies tremulous from Part to Part,
O'er all a binding Harmony to throw,

To

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To raiſe the Picture, and repoſe the Sight.
The * *Lombard* School ſucceeding, mingled both.
Meantime dread *Fanes*, and *Palaces*, around,
Rear'd the magnific Front. MUSIC again
Her univerſal Language of the Heart
Renew'd; and, riſing from the plaintive Vale,
To the full Concert ſpread, and ſolemn Quire.
Even Bigots ſmil'd; to their Protection took
ARTS not their own, and from them borrow'd Pomp:
For in a *Tyrant*'s Garden *theſe* a while
May bloom, tho' *Freedom* be their parent Soil.
And now confeſt, with gently-growing Gleam,
The Morning ſhone, and weſtward ſtream'd it's Light.
The MUSE awoke. Not ſooner on the wing
Is the gay Bird of Dawn. Artleſs her Voice,
Untaught and wild, yet warbled thro' the Woods
Romantic Lays. But as her Northern Courſe
She, with her Tutor SCIENCE, in MY Train,
Ardent purſu'd, her Strains more noble grew:
While *Reaſon* drew the Plan, the *Heart* inform'd
The moral Page, and *Fancy* lent it Grace.
Rome and her circling Deſarts caſt behind,

* The School of the *Caracci*.

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I paſs'd not idle to my great Sojourn.

On * *Arno*'s fertile Plain, where the rich Vine
Luxuriant o'er *Etrurian* Mountains roves,
Safe in the Lap repos'd of private Bliſs,
I ſmall † Republicks rais'd. Thrice happy they!
Had ſocial *Freedom* bound their Peace, and Arts,
Inſtead of ruling Power, ne'er meant for them,
Employ'd their little Cares, and ſav'd their Fate.

Beyond the rugged *Apennines*, that roll
Far thro' *Italian* Bounds their wavy Tops,
My Path too I with publick Bleſſings ſtrow'd:
Free States and Cities, where the *Lombard* Plain,
In ſpite of Culture negligent and groſs,
From her deep Boſom pours unbidden Joys,
And green o'er all the Land a Garden ſpreads.

The barren Rocks themſelves beneath My Foot,
Relenting, bloom'd on the *Ligurian* Shore.
|| Thick-ſwarming People there, like Emmets, ſeiz'd
Amid ſurrounding Cliffs, the ſcatter'd Spots,

Which

* The River *Arno* runs thro' *Florence*.

† The Republicks of *Florence*, *Piſa*, *Lucca*, and *Sienna*. They formerly have had very cruel Wars together, but are now all peaceably ſubject to the *Great Duke* of *Tuſcany*, except it be *Lucca*, which ſtill maintains the Form of a Republick.

|| The *Genoeſe* Territory is reckoned very populous, but the Towns and Villages for the moſt part lie hid among the *Apennine* Rocks and Mountains.

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Which Nature left in her * deſtroying Rage,
Made their own Fields, nor ſigh'd for other Lands.
There, in white Proſpect, from the rocky Hill
Gradual deſcending to the ſhelter'd Shore,
By ME proud *Genoa*'s marble Turrets roſe.
And while MY genuine Spirit warm'd her Sons,
Beneath her *Dorias*, not unworthy, She
Vy'd for the Trident of the narrow Seas,
E'er BRITAIN yet had open'd all the Main.
Nor be the then † triumphant State forgot;
Where ‖, puſh'd from plunder'd Earth, a Remnant ſtill,
Inſpir'd by ME, thro' the dark Ages kept
Of MY old *Roman* Flame ſome Sparks alive:
The ſeeming God-built City! which MY Hand
Deep in the Boſom fix'd of wondering Seas.
Aſtoniſh'd Mortals ſail'd, with pleaſing Awe,
Around the Sea-girt Walls, by *Neptune* fenc'd,
And down the briny Street; where, on each hand,
Ama-

* According to Dr. *Burnet*'s Syſtem of the Deluge.

† *Venice* was the moſt flouriſhing City in *Europe*, with regard to Trade, before the Paſſage to the *Eaſt-Indies* by the *Cape of Good-Hope*, and *America*, were diſcovered.

‖ Thoſe who fled to ſome Marſhes in the *Adriatic* Gulph, from the Deſolation ſpread over *Italy* by an Irruption of the *Huns*, firſt founded there this famous City, about the Beginning of the Fifth Century.

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Amazing ſeen amid unſtable Waves,
The ſplendid Palace ſhines; and riſing Tides,
The green Steps marking, murmur at the Door.
To this fair *Queen* of *Adria*'s ſtormy Gulph,
The Mart of Nations! long, obedient Seas
Roll'd all the Treaſure of the radiant Eaſt.
But now no more. Than one great Tyrant worſe
(Whoſe ſhar'd Oppreſſion lightens, as diffus'd)
Each Subject tearing, many Tyrants roſe.
The Leaſt the Proudeſt. Join'd in dark Cabal,
They jealous, watchful, ſilent, and ſevere,
Caſt o'er the whole indiſſoluble Chains:
The ſofter Shackles of luxurious Eaſe
They likewiſe added, to ſecure their Sway.
Thus *Venice* fainter ſhines; and *Commerce* thus,
Of Toil impatient, flags the drooping Sail.
Burſting, beſides, his antient Bounds, he took
* A larger Circle; found another † Seat,
Opening a thouſand Ports, and charm'd with Toil,
Whom nothing can diſmay, far other Sons.
The *Mountains* then, clad with eternal Snow,
Confeſs'd My Power. Deep as the rampart Rocks,

By

* The *Main Ocean.* † *Great-Britain.*

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By Nature thrown insuperable round,
I planted there a * *League of friendly States*,
And bad *plain Freedom* their Ambition be.
There in the Vale, where *rural Plenty* fills,
From Lakes, and Meads, and furrow'd Fields, her Horn,
† Chief, where the *Leman* pure emits the *Rhone*,
Rare to be seen! unguilty Cities rise,
Cities of Brothers form'd: while *equal Life*,
Accorded gracious with *revolving Power*,
Maintains them *free*; and, in their happy Streets,
Nor cruel Deed, nor Misery, is known.
For Valour, Faith, and Innocence of Life,
Renown'd, a rough laborious People, There,
Not only give the dreadful *Alps* to smile,
And press their Culture on retiring Snows;
But, to firm Order train'd and patient War,
They likewise know, beyond the Nerve remiss

* The *Swiss Cantons*.

† *Geneva*, situated on the *Lacus Lemanus*, a small *State*, but noble Example of the Blessings of Civil and Religious Liberty. It is remarkable, that since the founding of this *Republick*, not One Citizen has been so much as suspected to have been guilty of *Corruption* or *publick Rapine*. A *Virtue* this! meriting the Attention of every *Briton*.

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Of *Mercenary Force*, how to defend
The taſteful Little their hard Toil has earn'd,
And the proud Arm of *Bourbon* to defy.
Even, chear'd by ME, their ſhaggy Mountains charm,
More than or *Gallic* or *Italian* Plains;
And ſickening Fancy oft, when abſent long,
* Pines to behold their *Alpine* Views again:
The hollow-winding Stream: the Vale, fair-ſpread
Amid an Amphitheatre of Hills;
Whence, vapour-wing'd, the ſudden Tempeſt ſprings:
From Steep to Steep aſcending, the gay Train
Of Fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic Shapes:
The flitting Cloud, againſt the Summit daſh'd;
And, by the Sun illumin'd, pouring bright
A gemmy Shower: hung o'er amazing Rocks,
The Mountain-Aſh, and ſolemn-ſounding Pine:
The ſnow-fed Torrent, in white Mazes toſt,
Down to the clear etherial Lake below:
And, high o'er-topping all the broken Scene,

The

* It is reported of the *Swiſs*, that, after having been long abſent from their Native Country, they are ſeized with ſuch a violent Deſire of ſeeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languiſhing Indiſpoſition, called the *Swiſs Sickneſs*.

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The Mountain fading into Sky; where ſhines
On Winter Winter ſhivering, and whoſe Top
Licks from their cloudy Magazine the Snows.
From theſe deſcending, as I wav'd My Courſe
O'er vaſt *Germania*, the ferocious Nurſe
Of hardy Men and Hearts affronting Death,
I gave ſome favour'd * Cities there to lift
A nobler Brow, and thro' their ſwarming Streets,
More buſy, wealthy, chearful, and alive,
In each contented Face to look *My Soul.*
Thence the loud *Baltic* paſſing, black with Storm,
To wintry *Scandinavia*'s utmoſt Bound;
There, I the manly † Race, the Parent-Hive
Of the mixt Kingdoms, form'd into a State
More regularly free. By keener Air
Their Genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by Froſt
Tempeſt and Toil their Nerves, the Sons of thoſe
‖ Whoſe only Terror was a bloodleſs Death,
They wiſe, and dauntleſs, ſtill ſuſtain my Cauſe.
Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the South,
The whiſpering Zephyrs ſigh'd at my Delay.

* The *Hans Towns.* † The *Swedes.* ‖ See Note on Verſe 678.

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Here, with the *ſhifted Viſion*, burſt my Joy.
" O the dear Proſpect! O majeſtic View!
" See BRITAIN's Empire! Lo! the watry Vaſt
" Wide-waves, diffuſing the Cerulean Plain.
" And now, methinks, like Clouds at diſtance ſeen,
" Emerging white from Deeps of Ether, dawn
" My kindred Cliffs; whence, wafted in the Gale,
" Ineffable, a ſecret Sweetneſs breathes.
" GODDESS, forgive!----My Heart, ſurpriz'd, o'erflows
" With filial Fondneſs for the Land YOU bleſs."
As Parents to a Child complacent deign
Approvance, the CELESTIAL BRIGHTNESS ſmil'd;
Then thus----As o'er the wave-reſounding Deep,
To my near Reign, the *happy Iſle*, I ſteer'd
With eaſy Wing; behold! from Surge to Surge,
Stalk'd the tremendous GENIUS OF THE DEEP.
Around him Clouds, in mingled Tempeſt, hung;
Thick-flaſhing Meteors crown'd his ſtarry Head;
And ready Thunder redden'd in his Hand,
Or from it ſtream'd compreſt the gloomy Cloud.
Where-e'er he look'd, the trembling Waves recoil'd.
He needs but ſtrike the conſcious Flood, and ſhook

From

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From Shore to Shore, in Agitation dire,
It works his dreadful Will. To ME his Voice
(Like that hoarſe Blaſt that round the Cavern howls,
Mixt with the Murmurs of the falling Main)
Addreſs'd, began——" By Fate commiſſion'd, go,
" MY SISTER-GODDESS now, to yon *bleſt Iſle*,
" Henceforth the Partner of my rough Domain.
" All my dread Walks to BRITONS open lie.
" Thoſe that refulgent, or with roſy Morn,
" Or yellow Evening, flame; thoſe that, profuſe
" Drunk by Equator-Suns, ſeverely ſhine;
" Or thoſe that, to the Poles approaching, riſe
" In Billows rolling into *Alps* of Ice.
" Even, yet untouch'd by daring Keel, be theirs
" The vaſt *Pacific*; that on other Worlds,
" Their future Conqueſt, rolls reſounding Tides.
" Long I maintain'd inviolate my Reign;
" Nor *Alexanders* me, nor *Ceſars* brav'd.
" Still, in the Crook of Shore, the coward Sail
" 'Till now low-crept; and peddling *Commerce* ply'd
" Between near-joining Lands. For BRITONS, chief,
" It was reſerv'd, with ſtar-directed Prow,

" To

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" To dare the middle Deep, and drive assur'd
" To distant Nations thro' the pathless Main.
" Chief, for their fearless Hearts the Glory waits,
" Long Months from Land, while the black stormy Night
" Around them rages, on the groaning Mast
" With unshook Knee to know their giddy Way;
" To sing, unquell'd, amid the lashing Wave;
" To laugh at Danger. Theirs the Triumph be,
" By deep *Invention*'s keen pervading Eye,
" The Heart of *Courage*, and the Hand of *Toil*,
" Each conquer'd Ocean staining with their Blood,
" Instead of Treasure robb'd by ruffian War,
" Round social Earth to circle fair Exchange,
" And bind the Nations in a golden Chain.
" To these I honour'd stoop. Rushing to Light
" A Race of Men behold! whose daring Deeds
" Will in Renown exalt my nameless Plains
" O'er those of fabling Earth, as her's to mine
" In Terror yield. Nay, could my savage Heart
" Such Glories check, their unsubmitting Soul
" Would all my Fury brave, my Tempest climb,
" And might in spite of me my Kingdom force."

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Here, waiting no Reply, the *Shadowy Power*
Eas'd the dark Sky, and to the Deeps return'd:
While the loud Thunder rattling from his Hand,
Auſpicious, ſhook opponent *Gallia*'s Shore.

Of this Encounter glad, My Way to Land
I quick purſu'd, that from the ſmiling Sea
Receiv'd Me joyous. Loud Acclaims were heard;
And Muſic, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
With pleas'd Aſtoniſhment the lab'ring Hind,
Who for a While th' unfiniſh'd Furrow left,
And let the liſtening Steer forget his Toil.
Unſeen by groſſer Eye, BRITANNIA breath'd,
And her *Aerial Train*, theſe Sounds of Joy.
For of old time, ſince firſt the ruſhing Flood,
Urg'd by almighty Power, this favour'd Iſle
Turn'd flaſhing from the Continent aſide,
Indented Shore to Shore reſponſive ſtill,
It's *Guardian* SHE----The GODDESS, whoſe ſtaid Eye
Beams the dark Azure of the doubtful Dawn.
Her Treſſes, like a Flood of ſoften'd Light
Thro' Clouds imbrown'd, in waving Circles play.
Warm on her Cheek ſits Beauty's brighteſt Roſe.

Of

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Of high Demeanour, ſtately, ſhedding Grace
With every motion. Full her riſing Cheſt;
And new Ideas, from her finiſh'd Shape,
Charm'd *Sculpture* taking might improve her Art.
Such the fair *Guardian* of an Iſle that boaſts,
Profuſe as Vernal Blooms, the faireſt Dames.
High-ſhining on the Promontory's Brow,
Awaiting ME, ſhe ſtood; with Hope inflam'd,
By *my mixt Spirit* burning in her Sons,
To firm, to poliſh, and exalt the State.
The NATIVE GENII, round her, radiant ſmil'd.
COURAGE, of ſoft Deportment, Aſpect calm,
Unboaſtful, ſuffering long, and, 'till provok'd,
As mild and harmleſs as the ſporting Child;
But, on juſt Reaſon, once his Fury rous'd,
No Lyon ſprings more eager to his Prey:
Blood is a Paſtime; and his Heart, elate,
Knows no depreſſing Fear. THAT VIRTUE known
By the relenting Look, whoſe equal Heart
For Others feels, as for another Self:
Of various Name, as various Objects wake,
Warm into Action, the kind Senſe within:

Whether

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Whether the blameleſs Poor, the nobly Maim'd,
The Loſt to Reaſon, the Declin'd in Life,
The helpleſs Young that kiſs no Mother's Hand,
And the grey ſecond Infancy of Age,
She gives in public Families to live,
A Sight to gladden HEAVEN! whether *She* ſtands
Fair-beck'ning at the hoſpitable Gate,
And bids the Stranger take Repoſe and Joy:
Whether, to ſolace honeſt Labour, *She*
Rejoices thoſe that make the Land rejoice:
Or whether to *Philoſophy*, and *Arts*,
(At once the Baſis and the finiſh'd Pride
Of Government, and Life) *ſhe* ſpreads her Hand;
Nor knows her Gift profuſe, nor ſeems to know,
Doubling her Bounty, that *ſhe* gives at all.
JUSTICE to *theſe* her awful Preſence join'd,
The Mother of the State! No low Revenge,
No turbid Paſſions in her Breaſt ferment:
Tender, ſerene, compaſſionate of Vice,
As the laſt Woe that can afflict Mankind,
She Puniſhment awards; yet of the Good
More piteous ſtill, and of the ſuffering Whole,

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Awards it firm. So fair her juſt Decree,
That, in his *judging Peers*, each on himſelf
Pronounces his own Doom. O happy Land!
Where reigns alone this *Juſtice of the Free!*
Mid the bright Groupe SINCERITY his Front,
Diffuſive, rear'd; his pure untroubled Eye
The Fount of Truth. The THOUGHTFUL POWER, apart,
Now, penſive, caſt on Earth his fixt Regard,
Now, touch'd celeſtial, launch'd it on the Sky.
The *Genius He* whence BRITAIN ſhines, ſupreme,
The Land of Light, and Rectitude of Mind.
He too the Fire of Fancy feeds intenſe,
With all the Train of Paſſions thence deriv'd:
Not kindling quick, a noiſy tranſient Blaze,
But gradual, ſilent, laſting, and profound.
Near him RETIREMENT, pointing to the Shade,
And INDEPENDANCE ſtood: the *generous Pair*,
That ſimple Life, the quiet-whiſpering Grove,
And the ſtill Raptures of the free-born Soul,
To Cates prefer by *Virtue* bought, not earn'd,
Proudly prefer them to the ſervile Pomp,
And to the heart-embitter'd Joys of *Slaves*.

Or

Or ſhould the *Latter*, to the Public Scene,
Demanded, quit his *ſylvan Friend* a while;
Nought can his Firmneſs ſhake, nothing ſeduce
His Zeal, ſtill active for the Common Weal;
Nor ſtormy *Tyrants*, nor *Corruption's Tools*,
Foul Miniſters, dark-working by the Force
Of ſecret-ſapping Gold, all their vile Arts,
Their ſhameful Honours, their perfidious Gifts,
He greatly ſcorns; and, if he muſt betray
His plunder'd Country, or his Power reſign,
A Moment's Parley were eternal Shame:
Illuſtrious into private Life again,
From dirty *Levees* he unſtain'd aſcends,
And firm in Senates ſtands the *Patriot's* Ground,
Or draws new Vigour in the peaceful Shade.
Aloof the BASHFUL VIRTUE hover'd coy,
Proving by ſweet Diſtruſt diſtruſted Worth.
Rough LABOUR clos'd the Train: and in his Hand
Rude, callous, ſinew-ſwell'd, and black with Toil,
Came manly INDIGNATION. Sour he ſeems,
And more than ſeems, by lawleſs Pride aſſail'd;
Yet kind at Heart, and juſt, and generous, There

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No Vengeance lurks, no pale insidious Gall:
Even in the very Luxury of Rage,
He softening can forgive a gallant Foe;
The Nerve, Support, and Glory of the Land!
Nor be RELIGION, rational, and free,
Here pass'd in Silence; whose enraptur'd Eye
Sees *Heaven* with *Earth* connected, Human Things
Link'd to Divine: who not from servile Fear,
By *Rites* for some weak Tyrant Incense fit,
The GOD OF LOVE adores, but from a Heart
Effusing Gladness, into pleasing Awe
That now astonish'd swells, now in a Calm
Of fearless Confidence that smiles serene;
That lives Devotion, one continual Hymn,
And then most grateful, when HEAVEN's Bounty most
Is right enjoy'd. This ever-chearful *Power*
O'er the rais'd *Circle* ray'd superior Day.
I joy'd to join the VIRTUES whence *my Reign*
O'er ALBION was to rise. Each chearing Each,
And, like the circling Planets from the Sun,
All borrowing Beams from ME, a heighten'd Zeal
Impatient fir'd us to commence our Toils,

Or Pleaſures rather. Long the pungent Time
Paſs'd not in mutual Hails; but, thro' the Land
Darting our *Light*, we ſhone the *Fogs* away.
The VIRTUES conquer with a ſingle Look.
Such Grace, ſuch Beauty, ſuch victorious Light,
Live in their Preſence, ſtream in every Glance,
That the Soul won, enamour'd, and refin'd,
Grows their own Image, pure etherial Flame.
Hence the foul DEMONS, that oppoſe our Reign,
Would ſtill from us deluded Mortals wrap;
Or in groſs Shades *they* drown the viſual Ray,
Or by the Fogs of Prejudice, where mix
Falſhood and Truth confounded, foil the Senſe
With vain refracted Images of Bliſs.
But chief around the Court of flatter'd Kings
They roll the dusky Rampart, Wall o'er Wall
Of Darkneſs pile, and with their thickeſt Shade
Secure the Throne. No ſavage *Alp*, the Den
Of Wolves, and Bears, and monſtrous things obſcene,
That vex the Swain and waſte the Country round,
Protected lies beneath a deeper Cloud.
Yet there we ſometimes ſend a ſearching Ray.

As,

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As, at the ſacred Opening of the Morn,
The prowling Race retire; ſo, pierc'd ſevere,
Before our potent Blaze theſe DEMONS fly,
And all their *Works* diſſolve——The *whiſper'd Tale*,
That, like the fabling *Nile*, no Fountain knows.
Fair-fac'd Deceit, whoſe wily conſcious Eye
Ne'er looks direct. The *Tongue that licks the Duſt*,
But, when it ſafely dares, as prompt to *ſting*:
Smooth *Crocodile Deſtruction*, whoſe fell Tears
Enſnare. The *Janus*-Face of *courtly Pride*;
One to Superiors heaves ſubmiſſive Eyes,
On hapleſs Worth the other ſcouls Diſdain.
Cheeks that for ſome *weak Tenderneſs*, alone,
Some *virtuous Slip*, can wear a Bluſh. The *Laugh*
Prophane, when midnight Bowls diſcloſe the Heart,
At *Starving Virtue*, and at *Virtue's Fools*.
Determin'd to be broke, the plighted Faith;
Nay more, the *Godleſs Oath*, that knows no Ties.
Soft-buzzing *Slander*; *ſilky Moths*, that eat
An honeſt Name. The Harpy Hand, and Maw,
Of *Avaritious Luxury*; who makes
The Throne his Shelter, venal Laws his Fort,

And,

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And, by his Service, who betrays his King.
Now turn your View, and mark from * *Celtic* Night
To preſent Grandeur how my BRITAIN roſe.
Bold were thoſe BRITONS, who, the careleſs Sons
Of Nature, roam'd the Foreſt-Bounds, at once,
Their verdant City, high-embowering Fane,
And the gay Circle of their woodland Wars:
For by the † *Druid* taught, that Death but ſhifts
The vital Scene, they that prime Fear deſpis'd;
And, prone to ruſh on Steel, diſdain'd to ſpare
An ill-ſav'd Life that muſt again return.
Erect from *Nature*'s Hand, by *tyrant Force*,
And ſtill more *tyrant Cuſtom*, unſubdu'd,
Man knows no Maſter ſave creating HEAVEN,
Or ſuch as Choice and Common Good ordain.
This general Senſe, with which the Nations I
Promiſcuous fire, in BRITONS burn'd intenſe,
Of future Times prophetic. Witneſs, *Rome*,
Who ſaw'ſt thy *Ceſar*, from the naked Land,
Whoſe only Fort was *Britiſh* Hearts, repell'd,
To ſeek *Pharſalian* Wreaths. Witneſs, the Toil,

The

* GREAT-BRITAIN was peopled by the *Celtæ* or *Gauls*.
† The *Druids*, among the antient *Gauls* and *Britons*, had the Care and Direction of all religious Matters.

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The Blood of Ages, bootleſs to ſecure,
Beneath an * *Empire's* yoke, a ſtubborn *Iſle*,
Diſputed hard, and never quite ſubdu'd.
The † *North* remain'd untouch'd, where thoſe who ſcorn'd
To ſtoop retir'd; and, to their keen Effort
Yielding at laſt, recoil'd the *Roman* Power.
In vain, unable to ſuſtain the ſhock,
From Sea to Sea deſponding Legions rais'd
The ‖ Wall immenſe, and yet, on Summer's Eve,
While ſport his Lambkins round, the Shepherd's Gaze.
Continual o'er it burſt the ** *Northern Storm*,
As often, check'd, receded; threatning hoarſe
A ſwift Return. But the devouring Flood
No more endur'd Controul, when, to ſupport
The laſt ‡ Remains of Empire, was recall'd
The weary *Roman*, and the *Briton* lay
Unnerv'd, exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, and ſunk.
Great Proof! how Men enfeeble into Slaves.

The

* The *Roman* Empire.

† *Caledonia*, inhabited by the *Scots* and *Picts*; whither a great many *Britons*, who would not ſubmit to the *Romans*, retired.

‖ The Wall of *Severus*, built upon *Adrian's* Rampart, which ran for eighty Miles quite croſs the Country from the Mouth of the *Tine* to *Solway* Frith.

** Irruptions of the *Scots* and *Picts*.

‡ The *Roman* Empire being miſerably torn by the Northern Nations, *Britain* was for ever abandon'd by the *Romans* in the Year 426 or 427.

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* The Sword behind him flash'd; before him roar'd,
Deaf to his Woes, the Deep. Forlorn, around
He roll'd his Eye, not sparkling ardent Flame,
As when † *Caractacus* to Battle led
Silurian Swains, and ‖ *Boadicea* taught
Her raging Troops the Miseries of Slaves.
Then (sad Relief!) from the bleak Coast, that hears
The *German* Ocean roar, deep- blooming, strong,
And yellow-hair'd, the blue-ey'd *Saxon* came.
He came implor'd, but came with other Aim
Than to protect. For Conquest and Defence
Suffices the same Arm. With the fierce Race
Pour'd in a fresh invigorating Stream,
Blood, where unquell'd a mighty Spirit glow'd.
Rash War, and perilous Battle, their Delight;
And immature, and red with glorious Wounds,

* The *Britons* applying to *Ætius* the *Roman* General for Assistance, thus expressed their miserable Condition—"We know not which Way to turn us. The Barbarians "drive us to Sea, and the Sea forces us back to the Barbarians; between which we "have only the Choice of two Deaths, either to be swallowed up by the Waves, "or butchered by the Sword.

† King of the *Silures*, famous for his great Exploits, and accounted the best General *Britain* had ever produced. The *Silures* were esteemed the bravest and most powerful of all the *Britons*: They inhabited *Herefordshire*, *Radnorshire*, *Brecknockshire*, *Monmouthshire*, and *Glamorganshire*.

‖ Queen of the *Iceni*: her Story is well known.

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Unpeaceful Death their Choice: * deriving Thence
A Right to feaſt, and drain immortal Bowls,
In *Odin*'s Hall; whoſe blazing Roof reſounds
The genial Uproar of thoſe Shades, who fall
In deſperate Fight, or by ſome brave Attempt;
And tho' more poliſh'd Times the *martial Creed*
Diſown, yet ſtill the fearleſs Habit lives.
Nor were the ſurly Gifts of War their All.
Wiſdom was likewiſe theirs, indulgent Laws,
The calm Gradations of Art-nurſing Peace,
And matchleſs Orders, the deep Baſis ſtill
On which aſcends my BRITISH REIGN. Untam'd
To the refining Subtilties of Slaves,
They brought an happy Government along;
Form'd by that *Freedom*, which, with ſecret Voice,
Im-

* It is certain, that an Opinion was fixed and general among them (the *Goths*) that Death was but the Entrance into another Life; that all Men who lived lazy and unactive Lives, and died natural Deaths, by Sickneſs or by Age, went into vaſt Caves under Ground, all dark and miry, full of noyſome Creatures uſual to ſuch Places, and there for ever grovelled in endleſs Stench and Miſery. On the contrary, all who gave themſelves to warlike Actions and Enterpriſes, to the Conqueſt of their Neighbours and the Slaughter of their Enemies, and died in Battle, or of violent Deaths upon bold Adventures or Reſolutions, went immediately to the vaſt Hall or Palace of *Odin*, their God of War, who eternally kept open Houſe for all ſuch Gueſts, where they were entertained at infinite Tables, in perpetual Feaſts and Mirth, carouſing in Bowls made of the Sculls of their Enemies they had ſlain; according to the Number of whom, every one in theſe Manſions of Pleaſure was the moſt honoured and the beſt entertained. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE's *Eſſay on Heroick Virtue*.

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Impartial *Nature* teaches all her Sons,
And which of old thro' the whole *Scythian Maſs*
I ſtrong inſpir'd. *Monarchical* their State,
But prudently *confin'd*, and *mingled* wiſe
Of each harmonious Power: only, too much,
Imperious War into their Rule infus'd,
Prevail'd the *General-King*, and *Chieftain-Thanes*.
In many a Field, by civil Fury ſtain'd,
Bled the diſcordant * *Heptarchy*; and long
(Educing Good from Ill) the Battle groan'd;
Ere, blood-cemented, *Anglo-Saxons* ſaw
† *Egbert* and *Peace* on one united Throne.
No ſooner dawn'd the fair diſcloſing Calm
Of brighter Days, when lo! the *North* anew,
With ſtormy Nations black, on ENGLAND pour'd
Woes the ſevereſt e'er a People felt.
The *Daniſh* ‖ *Raven*, lur'd by annual Prey,
Hung o'er the Land inceſſant. Fleet on Fleet

* The Seven Kingdoms of the *Anglo-Saxons*, conſidered as being united into one Common Government, under a General in Chief or Monarch, and by the means of an Aſſembly General or *Wittenagemot*.

† *Egbert* King of *Weſſex*, who after having reduced all the other Kingdoms of the *Heptarchy* under his Dominion, was the firſt King of *England*.

‖ A famous *Daniſh* Standard was called *Reaſan* or *Raven*. The *Danes* imagined that, before a Battle, the Raven wrought upon this Standard clap'd it's Wings or hung down it's Head, in token of Victory or Defeat.

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Of barbarous Pirates unremitting tore
The miſerable Coaſt. Before them ſtalk'd,
Far-ſeen, the *Demon* of devouring *Flame*;
Rapine, and *Murder*, all with Blood beſmear'd,
Without or Ear, or Eye, or feeling Heart;
While cloſe behind them march'd the ſallow *Power*
Of deſolating *Famine*, who delights
In graſs-grown Cities, and in deſart Fields;
And purple-ſpotted *Peſtilence*, by whom
Even *Friendſhip* ſcar'd, in ſickening Horror ſinks
Each ſocial Senſe and Tenderneſs of Life.
Fixing at laſt, the ſanguinary Race
Spread, from the *Humber*'s loud-reſounding Shore,
To where the *Thames* devolves his gentle Maze,
And with ſuperior Arm the *Saxon* aw'd.
But *Superſtition* firſt, and *Monkiſh* Dreams,
And *Monk-directed Cloyſter-ſeeking* Kings,
Had eat away his Vigour, eat away
His Edge of Courage, and depreſs'd the Soul
Of conquering *Freedom*, which he once reſpir'd.
Thus cruel Ages paſs'd; and rare appear'd
White-mantled *Peace*, exulting o'er the Vale,

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As when, with * ALFRED, from the Wilds ſhe came
To polic'd Cities and protected Plains.
Thus by Degrees the *Saxon Empire* ſunk,
Then ſet intire in † *Haſtings* bloody Field.
Compendious War! (on BRITAIN's Glory bent,
So Fate ordain'd) in that deciſive Day,
The haughty *Norman* ſeiz'd at once an Iſle,
For which thro' many a Century, in vain,
The *Roman*, *Saxon*, *Dane*, had toil'd, and bled.
Of *Gothic* Nations This the final Burſt;
And, mix'd the Genius of theſe People all,
Their Virtues mix'd in one exalted Stream,
Here the rich Tide of *Engliſh* Blood grew full.
Awhile *my Spirit* ſlept; the Land awhile,
Affrighted, droop'd beneath deſpotic Rage.
Inſtead of || *Edward*'s gentle equal Laws,
The furious Victor's partial Will prevail'd.
All proſtrate lay; and, in the ſecret Shade,
Deep-ſtung but fearful *Indignation* gnaſh'd
His

* ALFRED the *Great*, renowned in War, and no leſs famous in Peace for his many excellent Inſtitutions, particularly That of *Juries*.

† The Battle of *Haſtings*, in which *Harold* II. the laſt of the *Saxon* Kings, was ſlain, and *William* the *Conqueror* made himſelf Maſter of *England*.

|| *Edward* III. the *Confeſſor*, who reduced the *Weſt-Saxon*, *Mercian*, and *Daniſh* Laws into one Body; which from that time became common to all *England*, under the name of *the Laws of Edward*.

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His Teeth. Of *Freedom*, *Property*, deſpoil'd,
And of their Bulwark, *Arms*; with *Caſtles* cruſh'd,
With *Ruffians* quarter'd o'er the *bridled* Land;
The ſhivering Wretches, at the * *Curfew* Sound,
Dejected ſhrunk into their ſordid Beds,
And, thro' the mournful Gloom, of antient Times
Mus'd ſad, or dreamt of Better. Even to feed
A *Tyrant*'s idle Sport the Peaſant ſtarv'd:
To the *wild* Herd, the Paſture of the *Tame*,
The chearful Hamlet, ſpiry Town, was given,
And the brown † Foreſt roughen'd wide around.

But this ſo dead ſo vile Submiſſion, long
Endur'd not. Gathering Force, My gradual Flame
Shook off the Mountain of tyrannic Sway.
Unus'd to bend, impatient of Controul,
Tyrants themſelves the *common Tyrant* check'd.
The *Church*, by *Kings* intractable and fierce,
Deny'd her Portion of the plunder'd State,
Or tempted, by the Timorous and Weak,

To

* The *Curfew Bell* (from the *French Couvreſeu*) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the *Engliſh* to put out their Fires and Candles, under the Penalty of a ſevere Fine.

† The *New Foreſt* in *Hampſhire*; to make which, the Country for above thirty Miles in Compaſs was laid waſte.

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To gain new Ground, first taught their Rapine Law.
The *Barons* next a nobler League began,
Both those of *English* and of *Norman* Race,
In one fraternal Nation blended now,
The Nation of the Free! Press'd by a * Band
Of *Patriots*, ardent as the Summer's Noon
That looks delighted on, the *Tyrant* see!
Mark! how with feign'd Alacrity he bears
His strong Reluctance down, his dark Revenge,
And gives the CHARTER, by which Life indeed
Becomes of Price, a Glory to be Man.
Thro' this and thro' succeeding Reigns affirm'd
These long-contested Rights, the wholesome Winds
Of *Opposition* † hence began to blow,
And often since have lent the Country Life.
Before their Breath *Corruption*'s Insect-Blights,
The darkening Clouds of *evil Counsel* fly;
Or should they sounding swell, a putrid Court,
A pestilential Ministry, they purge,
And ventilated States renew their Bloom.
Tho'

* On the *5th* of *June* 1215, King *John*, met by the *Barons* on *Runnemede*, sign'd the *Great Charter of Liberties*, or *Magna Charta*.

† The League formed by the *Barons*, during the Reign of *John*, in the Year 1213, was the first Confederacy made in *England* in Defence of the Nation's Interest against the King.

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Tho' with the *temper'd Monarchy* here mix'd
Ariſtocratic Sway, the *People* ſtill,
Flatter'd by *This* or *That*, as Intereſt lean'd,
No full Protection knew. For ME reſerv'd,
And for *my Commons*, was that glorious Turn.
They crown'd my firſt Attempt, in * Senates roſe,
The Fort of Freedom! Slow 'till then, alone,
Had work'd that general *Liberty*, that Soul,
Which generous *Nature* breathes, and which, when left
By ME to Bondage was *corrupted Rome*,
I thro' the *Northern Nations* wide diffus'd.
Hence many a People, fierce with *Freedom*, ruſh'd
From the rude Iron Regions of the *North*,
To *Lybian* Deſarts Swarm protruding Swarm,
And pour'd new Spirit thro' a ſlaviſh World.
Yet, o'er theſe *Gothic States*, the *King* and *Chiefs*
Retain'd the high Prerogative of War,
And with enormous Property engroſs'd

The

* The Commons are generally thought to have been firſt repreſented in Parliament towards the end of *Henry* the third's Reign. To a Parliament called in the Year 1264, each County was ordered to ſend four Knights, as Repreſentatives of their reſpective Shires: And to a Parliament called in the Year following, each County was ordered to ſend, as their Repreſentatives, two Knights, and each City and Burrough as many Citizens and Burgeſſes. Till then, Hiſtory makes no Mention of them; whence a very ſtrong Argument may be drawn, to fix the Original of the Houſe of Commons to that Era.

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The mingled Power. But on BRITANNIA's Shore
Now preſent, I to raiſe MY Reign began
By raiſing the *Democracy*, the third
And broadeſt Bulwark of the guarded State.
Then was the full the perfect Plan diſclos'd
Of BRITAIN's matchleſs *Conſtitution*, mixt
Of mutual checking and ſupporting Powers,
KING, LORDS, and COMMONS; nor the Name of *Free*
Deſerving while the *Vaſſal-Many* droop'd:
For ſince the Moment of the Whole *They* form,
So, as depreſs'd or rais'd, the Ballance *They*
Of Public Welfare and of Glory caſt.
Mark from this Period the continual Proof.
When Kings of narrow Genius, Minion-rid,
Neglecting faithful Worth for fawning Slaves;
Proudly regardleſs of their People's Plaints,
And poorly paſſive of inſulting Foes;
Double, not prudent, obſtinate, not firm,
Their Mercy Fear, Neceſſity their Faith;
Inſtead of generous Fire, preſumptuous, hot,
Raſh to reſolve, and ſlothful to perform;
Tyrants at once and Slaves, imperious, mean,

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To Want rapacious joining ſhameful Waſte;
By Counſels weak and wicked, eaſy rous'd
To paltry Schemes of abſolute Command,
To ſeek their Splendor in their ſure Diſgrace,
And in a broken ruin'd People Wealth:
When ſuch o'ercaſt the State, no Bond of Love,
No Heart, no Soul, no Unity, no Nerve,
Combin'd the looſe disjointed Public, loſt
To Fame abroad to Happineſs at Home.
But when an * EDWARD, and an † HENRY, breath'd
Thro' the charm'd Whole one all-exerting Soul:
Drawn Sympathetic from his dark Retreat,
When wide-attracted Merit round them glow'd:
When Counſels juſt, extenſive, generous, firm,
Amid the Maze of State, determin'd, kept
Some *ruling Point* in View: when, on the Stock
Of Public Good and Glory grafted, ſpread
Their Palms, their Laurels; or, if thence they ſtray'd,
Swift to return, and patient of Reſtraint:
When Regal State, Pre-eminence of Place,
They ſcorn'd to deem Pre-eminence of Eaſe,

To

* *Edward* III. † *Henry* V.

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To be luxurious Drones, that only rob
The buſy Hive: as in Diſtinction, Power,
Indulgence, Honour, and Advantage, Firſt;
When they too claim'd in Virtue, Danger, Toil,
Superior Rank; with equal Hand, prepar'd
To guard the Subject, and to quell the Foe:
When Such with ME their vital Influence ſhed,
No mutter'd Grievance, hopeleſs Sigh, was heard;
No foul Diſtruſt thro' wary Senates ran,
Confin'd their Bounty, and their Ardor quench'd:
On *Aid*, unqueſtion'd, liberal *Aid* was given:
Safe in their Conduct, by their Valour fir'd,
Fond where they led victorious Armies ruſh'd;
And * *Creſſy*, *Poitiers*, *Agincourt* proclaim
What *Kings* ſupported by almighty *Love*,
And *People* fir'd with *Liberty*, can do.
Be veil'd the ſavage † Reigns, when kindred Rage
The numerous-once *Plantagenets* devour'd,
A Race to Vengeance vow'd! and when, oppreſs'd
By private Feuds, almoſt extinguiſh'd lay
MY quivering Flame. But, in the Next, behold!

* Three famous Battles, gained by the *Engliſh* over the *French*.
† During the Civil Wars, betwixt the Families of *York* and *Lancaſter*.

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A * cautious *Tyrant* lend it Oil anew.
Proud, dark, ſuſpicious, brooding o'er his Gold,
As how to fix his Throne he jealous caſt
His crafty Views around; pierc'd with a Ray,
Which on his timid Mind I darted full,
He mark'd the *Barons* of exceſſive Sway,
† At pleaſure making and unmaking Kings;
And hence, to cruſh theſe *petty Tyrants*, plan'd
‖ A Law, that let them, by the ſilent Waſte
Of Luxury, their landed Wealth diffuſe,
And with that Wealth their implicated Power.
By ſoft Degrees a mighty Change enſu'd,
Even working to this Day. With Streams, deduc'd
From theſe diminiſh'd Floods, the Country ſmil'd.
As when impetuous from the Snow-heap'd *Alps*,
To Vernal Suns relenting, pours the *Rhine*;
While undivided, oft, with waſteful Sweep,
He foams along; but, thro' *Batavian* Meads,
Branch'd into fair Canals, indulgent flows;
Waters a thouſand Fields; and Culture, Trade,
Towns,

* *Henry* VII.
† The famous Earl of *Warwick*, during the Reigns of *Henry* VI. and *Edward* IV, was called the *King-Maker*.
‖ Permitting the *Barons* to alienate their Lands.

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Towns, Meadows, gliding Ships, and Villas mixt,
A rich a wondrous Landskip rises round.
His *furious* * *Son* the Soul-enslaving † Chain,
Which many a doating venerable Age
Had Link by Link strong-twisted round the Land,
Shook off. No longer could be born a Power,
From HEAVEN pretended, to deceive, to void
Each solemn Tie, to plunder without Bounds,
To curb the generous Soul, to fool Mankind;
And, wild at last, to plunge into a Sea
Of Blood, and Horror. The returning Light,
That first thro' ‖ *Wickliff* streak'd the *Priestly Gloom*,
Now burst in open Day. Bare'd to the Blaze,
‡ Forth from the Haunts of *Superstition* crawl'd
Her *motly Sons*, fantastic Figures all;
And, wide-dispers'd, their useless fetid Wealth
In graceful Labour bloom'd, and Fruits of Peace.
Trade, join'd to *these*, on every Sea display'd
A daring Canvass, pour'd with every Tide

A

* *Henry* VIII. † Of *Papal Dominion*.

‖ *John Wickliff*, Doctor of Divinity, who towards the Close of the fourteenth Century, published Doctrines very contrary to those of the Church of *Rome*, and particularly denying the *Papal* Authority. His Followers grew very numerous, and were called *Lollards*.

‡ Suppression of Monasteries.

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A golden Flood. From other * Worlds were toll'd
The guilty glittering Stores, whose fatal Charms,
By the plain *Indian* happily despis'd,
Yet work'd his Woe; and to the blissful Groves,
Where *Nature* liv'd herself among her Sons,
And *Innocence* and *Joy* for ever dwelt,
Drew *Rage* unknown to *Pagan* Climes before,
The worst the *zeal-inflam'd Barbarian* drew.
Be no such horrid Commerce, BRITAIN, thine!
But Want for Want, with mutual Aid, supply.

The *Commons* thus inrich'd, and powerful grown,
Against the *Barons* weigh'd ELIZA then,
Amid these doubtful Motions, steady, gave
The Beam to fix. *She!* like the SECRET EYE
That never closes on a guarded World,
So *sought*, so *mark'd*, so *seiz'd* the Public Good,
That self-supported, without one Ally,
She saw'd her inward, quell'd her circling Foes.
Inspir'd by ME, beneath her sheltering Arm,
A
In spite of raging † *universal Sway*
And raging Seas repress'd, the *Belgic* States

My

* The *Spanish West-Indies.*
† The Dominion of the House of *Austria.*

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My Bulwark on the *Continent*, aroſe.
Matchleſs in all the Spirit of her Days!
With Confidence unbounded fearleſs Love
Elate, her fervent People waited gay,
Chearful demanded the long-threaten'd * *Fleet*,
And daſh'd the *Pride of Spain* around *their Iſle*.
Nor ceas'd the *Britiſh Thunder* here to rage:
The Deep, reclaim'd, obey'd it's awful Call;
In Fire and Smoke *Iberian* Ports involv'd,
The trembling Foe even to the Centre ſhook
Of their new-conquer'd World, and skulking ſtole
By veering Winds their *Indian* Treaſure home.
Mean-time, *Peace*, *Plenty*, *Juſtice*, *Science*, *Arts*,
With ſofter Laurels crown'd her happy Reign.

As yet uncircumſcrib'd the *Regal Power*,
And wild and vague *Prerogative* remain'd,
A wide voracious Gulph, where ſwallow'd oft
The helpleſs Subject lay. *This* to reduce
To the juſt Limit was My great Effort.

By Means, that evil ſeem to narrow Man,
Superior Beings work their myſtic Will:

From

* The *Spaniſh Armada*. *Rapin* ſays, that after proper Meaſures had been taken, the Enemy was expected with uncommon Alacrity.

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From Storm and Trouble thus a ſettled Calm,
At laſt, effulgent, o'er BRITANNIA ſmil'd.
The gathering Tempeſt, HEAVEN-commiſſion'd, came,
Came in the * *Prince*, who, drunk with Flattery, dreamt
His vain pacific Counſels rul'd the World;
Tho' ſcorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a Maze
Of fruitleſs Treaties; while at Home enſlav'd,
And by a worthleſs Crew inſatiate drain'd,
He loſt his People's Confidence and Love:
Irreparable Loſs! whence Crowns become
An anxious Burden. Years inglorious paſs'd:
Triumphant *Spain* the vengeful Draught enjoy'd:
Abandon'd † FREDERICK pin'd, and RALEIGH bled.
But nothing *That* to theſe *internal Broils*,
That *Rancour*, he began; while *lawleſs Sway*
He, with his *ſlaviſh Doctors*, try'd to rear
‖ On *Metaphyſic* on *enchanted* Ground,
And all the mazy *Quibbles* of the *Schools*:
As if for *One*, and ſometimes for the *Worſt*,

HEAVEN

* *James* I.

† *Elector Palatine*, and who had been choſen King of *Bohemia*, but was ſtript of all his Dominions and Diginities by the Emperor *Ferdinand*, while *James* the Firſt, his Father in Law, being amuſed from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a Peace.

‖ The Monſtrous and till then unheard-of Doctrines of Divine Indefeaſible Hereditary Right, Paſſive Obedience, &c.

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HEAVEN had Mankind in Vengeance only made.
Vain the Pretence! not ſo the dire Effect,
The fierce the fooliſh * Diſcord thence deriv'd,
That tears the Country ſtill, by Party-Rage
And miniſterial Clamour kept alive.
In Action weak, and for the wordy War
Beſt fitted, faint this Prince purſu'd his Claim:
Content to teach the Subject-Herd, how great,
How ſacred he! how deſpicable they!
But his *unyielding* † *Son* theſe Doctrines drank,
With all a *Bigot's* rage; (who never damps
By Reaſoning his Fire) and what they taught,
Warm, and tenacious, into Practice puſh'd.
Senates, in vain, their kind Reſtraint apply'd:
The more they ſtruggled to ſupport the Laws,
His Juſtice-dreading Miniſters the more
Drove him beyond their Bounds. Tir'd with the Check
Of *faithful Love*, and with the Flattery pleas'd
Of *falſe deſigning Guilt*, the ‖ *Fountain* He
Of *Public Wiſdom* and of *Juſtice* ſhut.
Wide mourn'd the Land. Strait to the *voted Aid*

* The Parties of *Whig* and *Tory*.
† *Charles* I. ‖ Parliaments.

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Free, cordial, large, of never-failing Source,
Th' *illegal Impoſition* follow'd harſh,
With Execration given, or ruthleſs ſqueez'd
From an inſulted People, by a Band
Of the worſt Ruffians, thoſe of tyrant Power.
Oppreſſion walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
Her unrelenting Train: *Informers*, *Spies*,
Blood-Hounds, that ſturdy *Freedom* to the Grove
Purſue; *Projectors* of aggrieving Schemes,
* Commerce to load for unprotected Seas,
† To ſell the ſtarving Many to the Few,
And drain a thouſand Ways th' exhauſted Land.
Even from *that Place* whence healing *Peace* ſhould flow,
And *Goſpel Truth*, inhuman *Bigots* ſhed
Their ‖ Poiſon round; and on the *venal* Bench,
Inſtead of *Juſtice*, *Party* held the Scale,
And *Violence* the Sword. Afflicted Years,
Too-patient, felt at laſt their Vengeance full.
Mid the low Murmurs of ſubmiſſive Fear
And mingled Rage, My Hambden rais'd his Voice,
And

* Ship-money. † Monopolies.

‖ The raging *High-Church* Sermons of theſe Times, inſpiring at once a Spirit of ſlaviſh Submiſſion to the Court, and of bitter Perſecution againſt thoſe whom they called Church and State *Puritans*.

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And to the *Laws* appeal'd; the Laws no more
In Judgment ſat, behov'd ſome other Ear.
When inſtant from the keen reſentive *North*,
By *long Oppreſſion* by *Religion* rouz'd,
The *Guardian Army* came. Beneath it's Wing,
Tho' meant to furniſh hoſtile Aid, was call'd
The *more than Roman Senate*. There a Flame
Broke out, that clear'd, conſum'd, renew'd the Land.
In deep Emotion hurl'd, nor *Greece*, nor *Rome*,
Indignant burſting from a Tyrant's Chain,
While, full of ME, each agitated Soul
Strung every Nerve and flam'd in every Eye,
Had e'er beheld ſuch *Light* and *Heat* combin'd!
Such *Heads* and *Hearts!* Such dreadful *Zeal*, led on
By calm majeſtic *Wiſdom*, taught it's Courſe
What Nuſance to devour; ſuch Wiſdom fir'd
With unabating Zeal, and aim'd ſincere
To clear the *weedy State*, reſtore the *Laws*,
And for the Future to *ſecure* their Sway.
This then the Purpoſe of my *mildeſt Sons*.
But Man is blind. A Nation once inflam'd
(Chief, ſhould the Breath of *factious Fury* blow,

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With the wild Rage of mad *Enthuſiaſt* ſwell'd)
Not eaſy cools again. From Breaſt to Breaſt,
From Eye to Eye, the kindling Paſſions mix
In heighten'd Blaze; and, ever wiſe and juſt,
High HEAVEN to gracious Ends directs the Storm.
Thus in one Conflagration BRITAIN wrapt,
And by *Confuſion*'s lawleſs Sons deſpoil'd,
KING, LORDS, and COMMONS, thundering to the Ground,
Succeſſive, ruſh'd——Lo! from their Aſhes roſe,
Gay-beaming radiant Youth, the * *Phœnix-State*.
The grievous *Yoke* of *Vaſſalage*, the *Yoke*
Of *private Life*, lay by theſe Flames diſſolv'd;
And, from the † *waſteful the luxurious King*,
Was purchas'd ‡ *That* which taught the Young to bend.
Stronger reſtor'd, the *Commons* tax'd the *Whole*,
And built on that eternal Rock their Power.
The *Crown*, of it's hereditary Wealth
Deſpoil'd, on *Senates* more dependant grew,
And They more frequent, more aſſur'd. Yet liv'd,
And in full Vigour ſpread, that bitter Root,
The Paſſive Doctrines, by their Patrons firſt
Oppos'd

* At the *Reſtoration*. † *Charles* II. ‡ Court of *Wards*.

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Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themſelves.
This wild deluſive *Cant*; the raſh *Cabal*
Of hungry Courtiers, ravenous for Prey;
The *Bigot*, reſtleſs in a double Chain
To bind anew the Land; the conſtant Need
Of finding faithleſs Means, of ſhifting Forms,
And flattering *Senates*, to ſupply his Waſte;
Theſe, from the *careleſs Prince*, ſome Moments tore,
And in his Breaſt awak'd the *kindred Plan.*
By dangerous Softneſs long he min'd his Way;
By ſubtle Arts, Diſſimulation deep;
By ſharing what *Corruption* ſhowr'd, profuſe;
By breathing wide the gay licentious Plague,
And pleaſing Manners, fitted to deceive.
At laſt ſubſided the delirious Joy,
On whoſe high Billow, from the *ſaintly Reign*,
The Nation drove too far. A penſion'd King,
Againſt his Country brib'd by *Gallic* Gold;
The * *Port* pernicious ſold, the *Scylla* ſince
And fell *Charybdis* of the *Britiſh* Seas;
Freedom attack'd † abroad, with ſurer Blow

To

* *Dunkirk.*
† The War, in Conjunction with *France*, againſt the *Dutch.*

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To cut it off at Home; the * *Saviour-League*
Of *Europe* broke; the Progreſs even advanc'd
Of *univerſal* † *Sway*, which to reduce
Such Seas of Blood and Treaſure BRITAIN coſt;
The Millions, by a generous People given,
Or ſquander'd vile, or to *corrupt*, *diſgrace*,
And *awe* the Land with ‖ Forces not their own,
Employ'd; the darling *Church* her Self betray'd:
All *theſe*, broad-glaring, ope'd the general Eye,
And wak'd *my Spirit*, the *Reſiſting Soul.*

Mild was, at firſt, and half-aſham'd, the Check
Of *Senates*, ſhook from the fantaſtic Dream
Of abſolute Submiſſion, Tenets vile!
Which Slaves would bluſh to own, and which, reduc'd
To Practice, always honeſt Nature ſhock.
Not even the Mask remov'd, and the fierce Front
Of Tyranny diſclos'd; nor trampled Laws;
Nor ſeiz'd each ‡ Badge of *Freedom* thro' the Land;
Nor SIDNEY bleeding for th' *unpubliſh'd Page*;
Nor on the Bench avow'd *Corruption* plac'd,

And

* The *Triple Alliance*. † Under *Lewis* XIV.
‖ A Standing Army, raiſed without the Conſent of Parliament.
‡ The Charters of Corporations.

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And *murderous Rage* itſelf, in *Jefferies'* Form;
Nor endleſs Acts of *Arbitrary Power*,
Cruel, and falſe, could raiſe the Public Arm.
Diſtruſtful, ſcatter'd, of combining Chiefs
Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious War,
The patient Public turns not, 'till impell'd
To the near Verge of Ruin. Hence I rous'd
The * *Bigot-King*, and hurry'd fated on
His Meaſures immature. But chief his Zeal,
Out-flaming *Rome* herſelf, portentous ſcar'd
The troubled Nation: *Mary*'s horrid Days
To Fancy bleeding roſe, and the dire Glare
Of *Smithfield* lighten'd in it's Eyes anew.
Yet Silence reign'd. Each on another ſcowl'd
Rueful Amazement, preſſing down his Rage:
As, muſtering Vengeance, the deep Thunder frowns,
Awfully ſtill, waiting the high Command
To ſpring. Strait from *his Country*, *Europe*, ſav'd,
To ſave BRITANNIA, lo! *my Darling Son*,
Than Hero more! the Patriot of Mankind!
Immortal NASSAU came. I huſh'd the Deep

By

* *James* II.

By *Demons* rous'd, and bad the * lifted Winds,
Still ſhifting as behov'd, with various Breath,
Waft the DELIVERER to the longing Shore.
See! wide alive, the foaming † *Channel* bright
With ſwelling Sails, and all the Pride of War,
Delightful View! when *Juſtice* draws the Sword:
And mark! diffuſing ardent Soul around,
And ſweet Contempt of Death, MY ſtreaming ‖ Flag.
Even adverſe ‡ Navies bleſs'd the binding Gale,
Kept down the glad Acclaim, and ſilent joy'd.
Arriv'd, the Pomp, and not the Waſte, of Arms
His Progreſs mark'd! The faint-oppoſing ** Hoſt
For once, in Yielding their beſt Victory found,
And by Deſertion prov'd exalted Faith;
While his the bloodleſs Conqueſt of the Heart,
Shouts

* The Prince of *Orange* in his Paſſage to *England*, tho' his Fleet had been at firſt diſpers'd by a Storm, was afterwards extremely favour'd by ſeveral Changes of the Wind.

† *Rapin*, in his Hiſtory of *England*.——The third of *November* the Fleet entered the *Channel*, and lay by between *Calais* and *Dover*, to ſtay for the Ships that were behind. Here the Prince called a Council of War. It is eaſy to imagine what a glorious Show the Fleet made. Five or ſix Hundred Ships in ſo narrow a Channel, and both the *Engliſh* and *French* Shores covered with numberleſs Spectators, are no common Sight. For my Part, who was then on Board the Fleet, I own it ſtruck me extreamly.

‖ The Prince placed himſelf in the main Body, carrying a Flag with *Engliſh* Colours, and their Highneſſes' Arms ſurrounded with this Motto, THE PROTESTANT RELIGION AND THE LIBERTIES OF ENGLAND; and underneath the Motto of the Houſe of *Naſſau*, JE MAINTIENDRAI, *I will maintain*. *Rapin*.

‡ The *Engliſh* Fleet. ** The King's Army.

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Shouts without Groan, and Triumph without War.
Then dawn'd *the Period* deſtin'd to *confine*
The Surge of wild *Prerogative*, to raiſe
A Mound reſtraining it's imperious Rage,
And bid the raving Deep no farther flow.
Nor were, without that Fence, the ſwallow'd *State*
Better than *Belgian* Plains without their Dykes,
Suſtaining weighty Seas. This, often ſav'd
By more than human Hand, the Public ſaw,
And ſeiz'd the white-wing'd Moment. * Pleas'd to yield
Deſtructive Power, a wiſe heroic † Prince
Even lent his Aid—Thrice happy! did they know
Their Happineſs, BRITANNIA'S BOUNDED KINGS.
What tho' not theirs the Boaſt, in dungeon Glooms,
To plunge bold *Freedom*; or, to chearleſs Wilds,
To drive him from the cordial Face of Friend;
Or fierce to ſtrike him, at the midnight Hour,
By *Mandate blind*, not *Juſtice*, that delights
To dare the keeneſt Eye of open Day.
What tho' no Glory to controul the Laws,
And make *injurious Will* their only Rule,

* By the *Bill of Rights*, and the *Act of Succeſſion*. † *William* III.

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They deem it. What tho', Tools of wanton Power,
Peſtiferous *Armies* ſwarm not at their Call.
What tho' they give not a relentleſs Crew
Of *Civil Furies*, proud *Oppreſſion*'s Fangs!
To tear at Pleaſure the dejected Land,
With ſtarving Labour pampering idle Waſte.
To clothe the Naked, feed the Hungry, wipe
The guiltleſs Tear from lone Affliction's Eye;
To raiſe hid *Merit*, ſet th' alluring Light
Of *Virtue* high to View; to nouriſh *Arts*,
Direct the *Thunder* of an injur'd *State*,
Make a whole glorious People ſing for Joy,
Bleſs Human-Kind, and thro' the downward Depth
Of future Times to ſpread *that better Sun*
Which lights up *Britiſh Soul*: for Deeds like *Theſe*,
The dazling fair Carreer unbounded lies;
While (ſtill ſuperior Bliſs!) the dark Abrupt
Is kindly barr'd, the Precipice of Ill.
Oh Luxury divine! Oh poor to this,
Ye giddy Glories of *Deſpotic* Thrones!
By *this*, by *this indeed*, is imag'd HEAVEN,
By boundleſs Good without the Power of Ill.

And

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And now behold! exalted as the Cope
That ſwells immenſe o'er many-peopled Earth,
And like it free, My Fabrick ſtands compleat,
The Palace of the Laws. To the four Heavens
Four Gates impartial thrown, unceaſing Crowds,
With Kings themſelves the hearty Peaſant mix'd,
Pour urgent in. And tho' to different Ranks
Reſponſive Place belongs, yet equal ſpreads
The Sheltering Roof o'er all; while Plenty flows,
And glad Contentment echoes round the Whole.
Ye Floods deſcend! Ye Winds, *confirming*, blow!
Nor outward Tempeſt, nor corroſive Time,
Nought but the felon undermining Hand
Of dark Corruption, can it's Frame diſſolve,
And lay the Toil of Ages in the Duſt.

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